

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

NEW MUSICAL FARCE

OF THE

*Agreeable Surprise.*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

HAY - MARKET.

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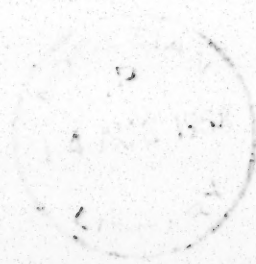
EIGHTH EDITION.

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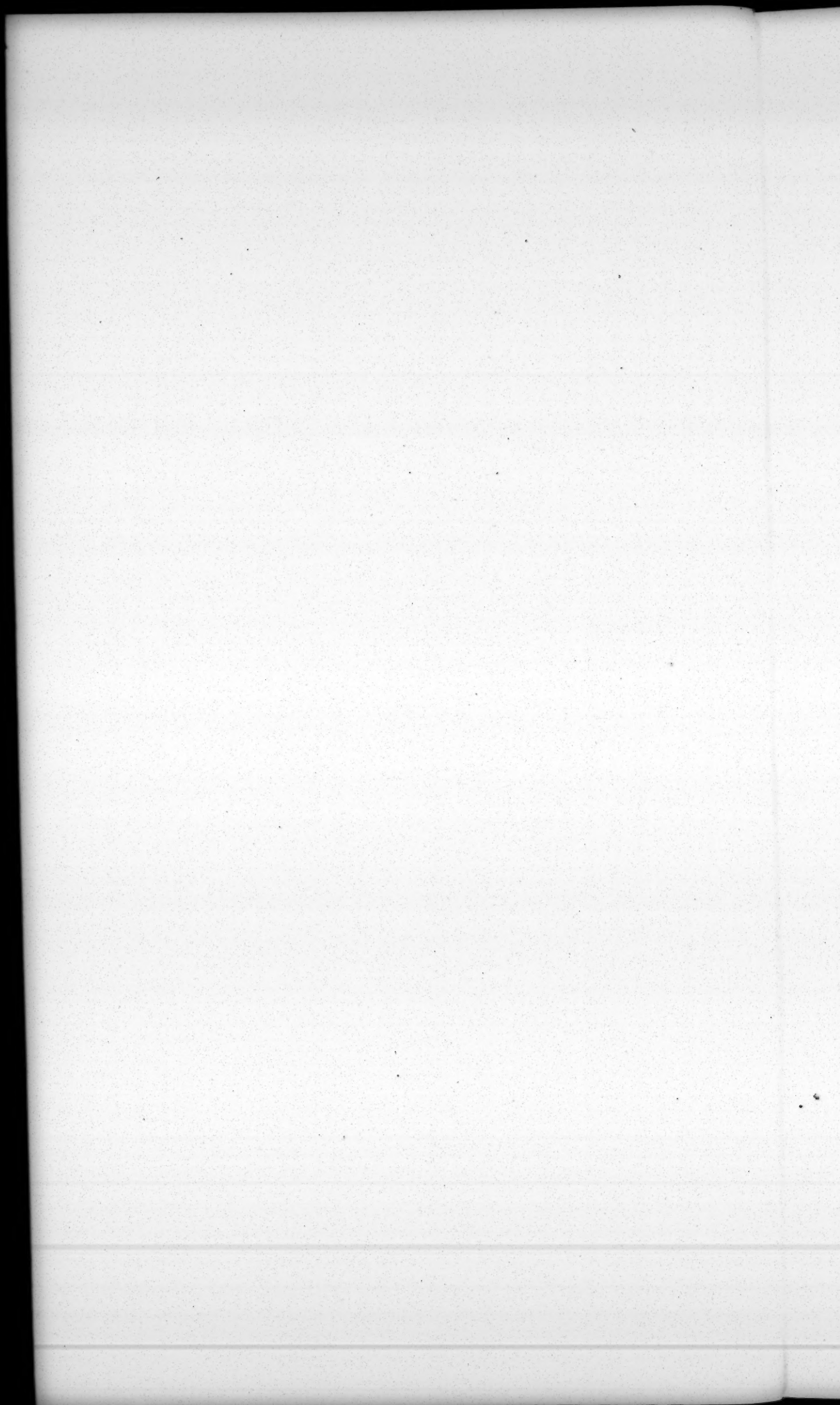
## C H A R A C T E R S.

|                     |   |   |   |                |
|---------------------|---|---|---|----------------|
| Sir Felix Friendly, | - | - | - | Mr. WILSON.    |
| Compton,            | - | - | - | Mr. BANNISTER. |
| Eugene,             | - | - | - | Mr. WOOD.      |
| Chicane,            | - | - | - | Mr. WEBB.      |
| Thomas,             | - | - | - | Mr. STEVENS.   |
| John,               | - | - | - | Mr. EGAN.      |
| Cudden,             | - | - | - | Mr. KENNY.     |
| Stump,              | - | - | - | Mr. PAINTER.   |
| Lingo,              | - | - | - | Mr. EDWIN.     |

|                |   |   |   |                 |
|----------------|---|---|---|-----------------|
| Mrs. Cheshire, | - | - | - | Mrs. WEBB.      |
| Cowflip,       | - | - | - | Mrs. WELLS.     |
| Fringe,        | - | - | - | Mrs. POUSSIN.   |
| Laura,         | - | - | - | Mrs. BANNISTER. |

*Servants, Peasants, &c. &c.*







S O N G S, &c. &c.  
IN THE  
AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

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OVERTURE, *composed by* Dr. ARNOLD.

A C T I.

A I R and C H O R U S.

By Dr. ARNOLD.

*Peasants in rural Merriment, after Harvest.*

Sir FELIX and COMPTON.

C H O R U S.

HERE we sing, dance and play,  
Nor perceive the blythe day  
Is departing when gliding so smoothly away.

C O M P T O N.

Let poets still carol the beauties of spring,  
And love-lorn shepherds of summer may sing;  
'Tis autumn bestows full fruition of joy,  
Rich Treasure,  
Sweet Pleasure,  
That never can cloy.

*Chorus*—Here we sing, dance and play, &c.  
Sir

Sir F E L I X.

The yellow leaf falling, presents the wise page  
That bids us lay up for our winter of age;  
While labour subsiding, still sweetens repose,  
And our wealth,  
Rosy health,  
From industry flows.

*Chorus, Here we sing, &c.*

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A I R II.---Dr. ARNOLD.

C O M P T O N.

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,  
See Britain's glorious flag display'd!  
Unfurl the swelling sail!  
Sound, sound your shells, ye Tritons, sound!  
Let every heart with joy rebound!  
We scud before the gale.  
See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,  
Depos'd by Jove's decree,  
Who hails a free-born British tar  
The sov'reign of the sea.

II.

Now, now we leave the land behind,  
Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,  
Perhaps to meet no more!

Great

( 7 )

Great George commands; it must be so;  
And glory calls; then let us go!  
Nor sigh a wish for shore.  
For Neptune, &c.

III.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear;  
Our canvas croud, the chace we near:  
In vain the Frenchmen flies.  
A broadside pour'd thro' clouds of smoke,  
Our Captain roars---my hearts of oak,  
Now draw, and board your prize!  
For Neptune, &c.

IV.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore;  
The white rag struck, Monsieur no more  
Disputes the British sway.  
A prize! we tow her into port,  
And hark! salutes from every fort,  
Huzza, my souls, huzza!  
For Neptune, &c.

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A I R III.----Dr. ARNOLD.

C O M P T O N.

The virgin lily of the night  
Aurora finds in tears;  
But soon in coif of native white  
Her fragrant head she rears.

No



No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,  
 But fresh and blythe as May,  
 She rises to perfume the morn,  
 And smiles upon the day.

## II.

The limpid streams of noble source  
 That miles in darkness flow,  
 Emerging in their devious course  
 Translucent beauties shew.  
 O'er golden sands they gently glide,  
 Unruffled with the gale,  
 Reflecting heaven with splendid pride,  
 As rolling thro' the vale.

---

S O N G    IV.

*An Irish Tune.*

Sir F E L I X.

In Jacky Bull, when bound to France,  
 The gosling you discover,  
 But taught to ride, to fence and dance,  
 A finish'd goose comes over.  
 With his tierce and carte, fa, fa!  
 And his cotillion so smart, ha, ha!  
 He charms each female heart, oh la!  
 As Jacky returns from Dover.

II. For

## II.

For cocks and dogs, see 'squire at home,  
 The prince of country tonies !  
 Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,  
 Our 'squire's a nice Adonis.  
 With his tierce and carte, fa, fa !  
 And his cotilion so smart, ha, ha !  
 He charms the female heart,  
 The pink of maccaronies.

---

A I R V.—Dr. ARNOLD.

L A U R A.

The tuneful lark, as soaring high,  
 Upon his downy wing,  
 With wonder views the vaulted sky,  
 And mounting sweetly sings.  
 Ambition swells its little breast,  
 Suspended high in air ;  
 But gently dropping to the nest,  
 Finds real pleasure there.

A I R

B

A I R VI.

*Irish Tune.*

L I N G O.

Such beauties in view, I  
Can never praise too high;  
Not Pallas's blue eye  
Is brighter than thine.  
Not fount of *Susannah*,  
Nor gold of fair *Dana*,  
Nor moon of *Diara*,  
So clearly can shine!  
Not beard of *Silenus*,  
Nor tresses of *Venus*,  
I swear by *Quæ Genus*!  
With your's can compare:  
Not *Hermes's Caduceus*,  
Nor flower *de luces*,  
Nor all the Nine Muses,  
To me is so fair.

C H O R U S.

What posies,  
And roses,  
To noses  
Discloses  
Your breath all so sweet!

To



To the tip  
 Of your lip,  
 As they trip,  
 The bees dip,  
 Honey sip,  
 Like choice flip,  
 And their hybla forget.

## II.

When girls like you pass us,  
 I saddle *Pegassus*,  
 And ride up *Parnassus*;  
 To Helicon's stream:  
 Even that is a puddle,  
 Where others may muddle;  
 My nose let me fuddle  
 In bowls of your cream;  
 Old *Jove*, the great *Hector*,  
 May tipple his *Nectar*,  
 Of Gods the director,  
 And thunder above!  
 I'd quaff off a full can  
 As *Bacchus* or *Vulcan*,  
 Or *Jove* the old bull can,  
 To her that I love.

*Chorus*-----What posies, &c.

A I R VII.---Dr. ARNOLD.

D U E T.

E U G E N E and L A U R A.

Happy, harmless, rural pair,  
Void of jealousy or care ;  
Emblems of the blest'd above,  
Sharing pure seraphick love !

II.

By the brook beneath the shade  
Of the lofty poplar laid,  
Chearful strains awake the grove,  
Dulcet notes of peace and love !

III.

Say ye proud, ye rich and great,  
Circled round with noise and state,  
Real pleasures can ye prove ?  
No, 'tis found in rural love.

Q U I N-

Q U I N T E T T O.

Dr. ARNOLD.

Sir FELIX, COMPTON, EUGENE, LAURA, and  
LINGO.

Sir F E L I X.

Oh how sweetly pleasure's tasted,  
Usher'd in by grief or pain !  
Ever joy, some joy is wasted ;  
Give me sunshine after rain.

C O M P T O N.

A trial so severe, discovers  
True affection's real charms :  
Hapless, happy, faithful lovers !  
Soon you'll bless each other's arms.

Sir F E L I X.

Oh exquisite pleasure !  
Oh joy beyond measure !  
What say you, my Laura, what say you, my  
friend ?  
Then hey for a wedding !  
And hey for a bedding !  
And hey for a baby at nine months end !

D U E T.



D U E T.

EUGENE and LAURA.

*Eug.* Celestial patience, meek-ey'd maid,  
Impart thy lenient power!

*Laura.* With calm content, 'tis thou must aid,  
And cheer the adverse hour.

*Sir F.* We'll be merry, by jingo;  
I've got some old relicks  
Of Bacchus---why Lingo!

*Lingo.* Here, *Domine Felix!*

*Sir F.* You know my choice old sack;  
Go fetch a dozen bottles!  
Brave Bacchus we'll attack.

*Lingo.* And *bibo* all our throttles!

*Sir F.* A feast's not worth a fig  
Without a lusty jorum.

*Lingo.* Hey *popolorum jig!*  
Hey *jiggo popolorum!*

END OF FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

A I R IX.—Dr. ARNOLD.

Sir F E L I X.

SOME love great bowls to quaff,  
Some like a dog and gun ;  
I love a hearty laugh,  
Give me a bit of fun.

II.

I lik'd a maiden's charms,  
And after her did run ;  
I took her in my arms,  
Says I---we'll have some fun.

III.

With laugh, and joke, and play,  
At length her heart I won ;  
To church we went so gay,  
And then we had some fun.

A I R

A I R X.—Dr. ARNOLD.

Mrs. CHESHIRE.

In choice of a husband we widows are nice,  
I'd not have a man would grow old in a trice ;  
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,  
But one that could buffle and stir in my shop.

II.

A log I'll avoid, when I'm chusing my lad,  
And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had,  
Such suitors I've had, Sir-----but off they might  
hop---  
I want one that can buffle and stir in my shop.

III.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind  
So handsome, so young, so polite, and so kind !  
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop,  
He's the man that can buffle and stir in my shop.

A I R



( 17 )

AIR XI.

*The Mouse and the Frog.*

L I N G O.

*Amo Amas,*  
I love a lass,  
As a cedar tall and slender;  
Sweet cowslips grace,  
Is her nomn'tive case,  
And she's of the feminine gender.

C H O R U S.

*Rorum corum,*  
*Sunt divorum,*  
*Harum scarum*  
*Divo!*

*Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and batband,*  
*Hic, hoc, borum, genitivo!*

Can I decline  
A nymph divine?  
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*,  
Her *oculis* bright,  
Her *manus* white,  
And soft, when I *tacto*, her pulse is.

C H O R U S.

*Rorum, corum, &c.*

C

Oh

III.

Oh how *bella*  
My *puella* !  
I'll kiss *secula seculorum* :  
If I've luck, fir,  
She's my *uxor*,  
O *dies benedictorum* !

CHORUS.

*Rorum, corum,*  
*Sunt divorum,*  
*Harum scarum,*  
*Divo!*

*Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and batband,*  
*Hic, hoc, borum, genitivo!*

AIR

A I R XII.—*Corn Rigs are bonny.*

C O W S L I P.

Lord, what care I for mam or dad?  
Why let 'em scold and bellow!  
For while I live I'll love my lad,  
He's such a charming fellow.

II.

The last fair-day on Gander green  
The youth he danc'd so well-o,  
So spruce a lad was never seen,  
As my sweet charming fellow.

III.

The fair was over, night was come,  
The lad was somewhat mellow;  
Says he, my dear, I'll see you home,  
I thank'd the charming fellow.

IV.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,  
Says he, if you'll not tell-o,  
I'll kiss you here by this good light;  
Lord, what a charming fellow!

V.

You rogue, says I, you've stopt my breath,  
Ye bells ring out my knell-o!  
Again I'd die so sweet a death,  
With such a charming fellow!

A I R



A I R XIII.—*Irish Tune.*

L I N G O.

Of all the pretty flowers,  
A cowslip's my delight :  
With that I'd pass my hours,  
Both morning, noon and night.  
To be sure I would, &c.

This cowslip smell'd so sweetly,  
And look'd so fresh and gay,  
Says I you're dress'd so neatly,  
We'll have a little play.  
To be sure we will, &c,

One evening in the dairy,  
'Twas lying on the shelf,  
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,  
And then lay down myself.  
To be sure I did, &c,

This flower one morning early  
Upon a bed did rest ;  
I long'd to pull it dearly,  
And stick it in my breast.  
To be sure I could, &c.

A I R

A I R XIV.——Dr. ARNOLD.

L A U R A.

And why take back the vows you gave,  
Or wish to part with mine?  
My heart is still your willing slave,  
Tho' your's I must resign.  
A bird whose vows did first engage,  
Tho' anxious to remain,  
Enamour'd of its golden cage,  
You'd now let loose again.  
You lull'd me in a dream of love,  
A gay illusive shew;  
And when the substance I would prove,  
You wake me into woe.

A I R

A I R XV——Dr. ARNOLD.

E U G E N E.

My Laura, wilt thou trust the seas,  
For poor Eugene quit home and ease,  
And certain peril prove ?

Then Constancy  
Our pilot be,  
As all our freight is love.

Tho' Boreas wears an angry form,  
And threat'ning clouds portend a storm,  
No cheering star above ;

Let Constancy  
Our pilot be,  
As all our freight is love !

Our bark shall bravely stem the tide,  
'Till skies clear up and storms subside,  
And peace returns her dove ;

If Constancy  
Our pilot be,  
As all our freight is love !

FINALE.



FINALE.—Dr. ARNOLD.

*Sir Felix, Compton, Eugene, Lingo, Laura,  
Mrs. Cheshire.*

Sir F E L I X.

A kifs, my girl! your hand, my boy!  
There now each anxious trouble ends:  
Yet be still my greatest joy  
With blessings to surprise my friends.

C H O R U S.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night,  
What blessing in good-humour lies!  
And prospects yield more sweet delight,  
By an Agreeable Surprise.

L A U R A.

In purest robes of radiant light,  
Diana, Ceres, Hymen, come!

E U G E N E.

You've blest'd the day, so crown the night,  
Our birth-day, wedding, harvest home!

C H O R U S.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd, &c. &c.

Mrs. C H E S H I R E.

Great RUSTIFUSTY now no more,  
Nor Russian Princess here *incog*,  
But widow Cheshire as before,  
And for a husband still a-gog!

C H O.

( 24 )

C H O R U S.

Each jovial heart, &c. &c.

C O M P T O N.

Uncertain yet our Poet's fate,  
'Tis your award will fix his doom !  
Applaud ! with joy he'll celebrate  
Our birth-day, wedding, harvest home !

L I N G O.

For *omne bene* he applies,  
He's DEAD-ALIVE in Critic's paw ;  
Forgive th' AGREEABLE SURPRISE,  
And spare him for his SON-IN-LAW !

C H O R U S.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night,  
What blessing in good-humour lies !  
And prospect yield more sweet delight,  
By an Agreeable Surprise.



T H E E N D.

